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MODERN NATURALISM AS A MEANS OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

An Address delivered before the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School,

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BRETHREN OF THE ALUMNI, — A letter from your secretary * brought to me your invitation to address you at this time, written by a hand which, alas ! we are to grasp no more. A heart which was the fountain of so much goodness can never grow still, and a countenance which flashed with such heavenly sunshine cannot be dimmed. But it cheers no longer the path here of those who loved him ; and who that ever saw him did not love him ? These changes in our number make us seek after a firmer grasp upon the truths which we preach for the guidance and consolation of others : they remind us, too, of changes more imperceptible and gradual in our denominational life.

A quarter of a century has just elapsed since the organization of the "Association of the Alumni of the Cambridge Theological School." You remember the new questions which were then opened and agitated, to become, in their turn, old questions, devoid of any lasting and vital interest. The debate about miracles I presume we have nearly done with : for any discussion of the evidences of Christianity becomes the less important, just in the degree that its real contents are

* Rev. Samuel Abbot Smith.

disclosed to us; for what do we care about the proof, after we have been brought face to face with the radiant and open reality? Nevertheless, I think the lessons of a quarter of a century may have brought us to the vivid apprehension of one very vital distinction, — that, namely, between the agitations and currents of the time, and that other current which we are never conscious of, because it is so deep, so broad, and so strong, and therefore so still. Our motions on the earth, and our travellings up and down through its dust and noise, are made with much pain and labor, while we are never conscious of that other motion by which the earth carries us so serenely through the celestial spaces.

The end which individuals, sects, and even whole peoples and commonwealths, place before them, and strive after, is not often at one with the great end of the Divine Providence. What we call, very ludicrously sometimes, “the spirit of the age,” is very apt to be some gust of the times, which has puffed us up into specific levity, or is driving us about at its will. It is never to be confounded with the spirit of God, whose tidal movements, through all times, the age is very slow to understand.

Indeed, what we call the thought of the age, that is, its distinctive thought, may be only a reflex current, bearing the foam and the drift of the hour, to subside again to-morrow into the mystic, eternal sea. What religions and philosophies have thus been afloat! each claiming and really believing that all the hopes of human progress were bound up and freighted with them, whereas the stream of providence left them the next day in the shallows, high and dry upon the sand. The spirit of the Middle Age was Roman; the spirit of the sixteenth century was Protestant, — both provisional religions, needful for their times; sure to grow obsolete, as the unfathomed ocean of divine life keeps on and on never breaking *as such* into the individual consciousness, but only to be studied by its epochs and eras. An age or epoch, taken as one of the segments of human history, may be permitted to exhibit its thought, and make it dominant, and color every thing with its spirit, for the very reason that the Divine Providence wishes to show

it forth, open out all its weakness, falsehood, and vanity, for the coming centuries to look at.

Now, we can never know by the spirit of the age, what is the majestic course of God's providence, simply because the spirit of the age is in us, and dominates us to some extent. But if we can get a position somewhat above it, on one of those divine headlands which command it, above the noise of its surf and foam, mark the historic course of the Divine Providence by the centuries and the half centuries and even the quarter century which spans our organized existence, we can judge somewhat of the course of that deeper and mystic sea. And we shall judge a great deal better in this way as to our own duties, how we can best serve the age as ministers of Christ or as a Christian denomination; better than by embarking upon its currents, and trying to woo its gales. Be not conformed to this world, is our message to others, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind. It applies to sects as well as persons. We conform by trying to get into the world's drift. We are transformed only as our end and that of the eternal Providence are toned and harmonized together.

The spirit of the age we are in no danger of mistaking. It is *naturalism*, thorough-going and pervasive. I do not mean naturalism however, in the odious sense sometimes given to it, as necessarily opposed to revealed religion. Let me use the word as covering a great deal more; as *nature-ism*, or that love and study of nature, which have given a prodigious impulse to natural science, a new development to art as the more perfect copy of nature, and a new tone to literature, as transfused by its spirit and life. It involves the study of man so far as we see him, on the natural side, even to the quality and the tendencies of the natural mind. Now, when did this nature-age commence? and what is its contribution to human progress and Christian knowledge? and is it the final period, the consummation of history; or is it merely a preparation and prophecy of something to be? And if so, what?

The point of transition from the old theology which was exclusively supernatural, to the new theology which is so largely

if not exclusively natural, does not by any means synchionize with what we call the Reformation. The Reformation did not change at all the stand-point from which truth was to be apprehended. It was still, as before, from the supernatural and the superhuman exclusively. Theology concerned itself with what would promote God's personal honor and glory, or vindicate the supposed justice of his government. It discussed mainly the nature of God, and the mode of his being; and even the Pelagian controversy, which concerned itself with human nature, proceeded under this overshadowing and all-absorbing Theism. Its axioms were, God is great as man is little; one is exalted as the other is abject; God is glorified as man is depressed; so much taken from the one is so much given to the other.

Theological doctrines thus wrought, were dogmas imposed by sheer authority, and it mattered not much whether the authority were a book or an hierarchy. They had no human blood in them, and no fragrance of nature breathed from her fields and woods. Heaven and hell were places which God had prepared for our reception: and salvation was a transfer to the former place, the Church said, through the merits of dead saints, who had virtue enough of their own to save them, and some to spare; Luther said, through the infinite merits of Christ, made over to their credit-side of the account; and the chief difference was that Luther had a more exhaustless treasury of indulgences, and could outbid the pope. The dawn of a nature-religion or of a humane theology, dates a century after, when the whole realm of truth began to be surveyed from the natural and the human side. Descartes transferred the field of inquiry, and evidence for the being of God, from Church tradition to the human consciousness; and in this way he inaugurated a total revolution in all our theological methods. No matter for the vicious circle in which he travelled. The new method of theologizing — seeking for God in the soul, not as the mystics did, in emotions and raptures, but in its highest and most serene ideas, separated from all earthly and voluntary mixture, re-asserted the worth and the rights

of human nature. The old theology could no longer lie upon it, lifeless and foreign to it. It must be thrown off altogether, or else be absorbed into it, and humanized in its life-blood. You know the result in what has been called the renaissance of the eighteenth century, — that, remanding the search for evidence from church traditions to the human consciousness, has quickened the human faculties to a subtilty and power of action, unheard of before, and caused that cry which now comes out of the depths of the heart, for a religion not to lie upon it as a dogma, but to go down humanely into it, and explain man to himself.

Contemporaneous with Descartes was a name that represents the inductive philosophy which revolutionized the whole method of scientific investigation. Hence the new education of the senses, which give the facts of science, and of the sensuous reason which discerns their relations, and classifies them, bringing even the anomalies and prodigies under universal law, which is none other than the supreme order in which God administers his universe.

Such, in brief, is the date of the naturalism which marks the transition from the old religions to the new. We are specially concerned now to measure the amount of its contribution to the theological science and religious progress. We are prone to speak of the liberalizing influence of Unitarianism upon Orthodoxy. The truth is, however, there is another influence more subtle and penetrating, which has been liberalizing us both, crumbling the walls from around us, and unhousing us, making great gaps in our theologic buildings, and turning us sometimes clean out of doors. There is not a doctrine of the old Orthodoxy, which has not been changed by modern naturalism; say, rather, there is hardly a pillar of it left standing with sufficient firmness to keep the roof from tumbling in. I doubt, even, if there is a distinguishing doctrine of Unitarianism, as it was held and preached when the controversy opened fifty years ago, which has not been undergoing a silent but sure transformation, traceable partly, though not wholly, to the same potent influence.

To begin with the church cosmogony, from which its whole

system starts for a foundation. The old theology recognized two limits, called space and time, within which all its towers were built up, and all its drama was enacted. One of these limits lay about six thousand years backward, the other some millions of miles outward, to the remotest of our planetary orbits as then known. Herein took place the miracle of creation in six days, and on this scale the entire plan of the divine administration was supposed to proceed, — the federal headship of Adam, his fall and we in him, imputed sin and imputed righteousness, the resurrection, the judgment, and the last things, and so on to the top stone of the theological arch. Now, without assuming the nebular hypothesis just as naturalism had asserted it, it is very interesting in this connection to note the recent wonderful and exceedingly significant experiments in the analysis of the nebular light, giving us tidings from afar of God working now as hitherto.* These experiments authenticate the grand conception of creation, proceeding not by jets of arbitrary power, but always under laws, as uniform and withal as beautiful as those which govern the growth of a palm-tree or a spear of clover. Indeed naturalism has proved beyond question, that creation is none other than the primitive ethers crystallizing into firmaments; or, if you will, the magnificent flora of the skies, flowering forth not once for all, but through myriads of ages, out of the immanent life of the universe. The bud that came out yesterday into leaf amid the foliage of boundless woods, or the topaz ranging its particles by secret affinities till they become luciform, comes under the same law of creation, as the firmament which for a million of years has been crystallizing out of nebular chaos and turning into suns, with their daughter planets about them. Mr. Pritchard tried very hard to trace all the outlying races to a single pair, and then theology could bring them under the federal headship of Adam. Agassiz, on the other side, may be right or he may be wrong, but you must push the federal headship a good many thousand years back of Adam, or else the men who died, and went to fossil,

* See the Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1865, in the article on Celestial Chemistry, pp. 251-267.

before his time, fail of their lineage, and indeed the outlying races tumble out of the plan of salvation together. Naturalism gives us man not manufactured in a day, but created out of nature by steps as gradual as those which led up from the outer courts of the temple to its inmost shrine. The mineral kingdom was the first rough sketch and foreshowing of the human; the vegetable and the animal were still nearer and more picturesque approaches, till at last the majestic human coronal appeared: as if Nature had said, "Man is too great a being to bolt into existence; but the universe, through its myriad cycles, shall first prophecy of his coming, and prepare the way for his advent." The old theology shows him made, potter-fashion, out of the clay of Paradise, and projected one day into being upon its surface. Naturalism brings him forth as the fruit out of the juices of the tree, secreted for that special end for long centuries and cycles; every stage of growth the continuation of a former one, from lower to higher, root and stalk and branch and leaf and consummate flower. The old eschatology burns up the world with great crackling and noise, and hence Edwards and the old divines drew the imagery of their most effective sermons of the judgment day. But naturalism discovers in matter neither the ultimate atoms of Epicurus nor the monads of Leibnitz, but forces rather which only give the ultimations of the Infinite Life. God did not make his works once; but he creates them every present moment from the breath of his mouth, so that their destruction would not be God acting, but God holding his breath; it would not be a ruin, but a vanishing; not a great conflagration, but a sudden death-darkness; the ongoings of nature's music one moment, the hush of an awful silence the next. Hugh Miller, therefore, makes the six days of creation the first six geological eras; Dr. Hitchcock makes its destruction the seventh, and adjourns it indefinitely. One removes the landmark of time at the first end, away, away into the infinite past; the other at the last end, into the infinite future. So the beginning and the end of things come under natural

law, Orthodoxy itself being judge. They do not break it, but fulfil it, and are the effort of nature towards the most perfect organic life. The resurrection of the flesh becomes an absurdity and an impossibility, and altogether monstrous, unless you adjourn it from the churchyards to the forests that have grown over them, and drawn the sleepers into the life-currents that beat through all the veins of nature; into the leaves that flutter above the graves, into the ethers which they replenish, or the amber clouds that float at evening off into the distant heavens, and lie on the horizon as the bodies of them that slept, already risen and glorified. The local hell gets no fixture in natural space; for more surely than Lord Rosse's telescope resolved the nebulae, the keen and educated sense of naturalism resolves the dark spots of nature, and finds nowhere a contrivance to produce pain. Pain is accidental to all her mechanisms, not inherent. The all-beneficent law runs even into the blotches and cancers on nature's face, and dissipates them, and leaves her blooming and fair. The local heaven vanishes too. The method of the spectrum analysis, which examines a star-beam by a new celestial chemistry, can tell you what sort of a world it came from, what are its elements, and what are its conditions of life, mineral, vegetable, animal and human; and it reports the star-men — if any there be — just like ourselves. They are not spirits, as Dante describes them, but flesh-and-blood people, who build their own fires, plant their own corn, grind their own grists, cook their own dinners and eat them, and must look to another existence higher than star-life, before they sublime into spiritual beings, and become glorified.

Finally, the God of the old naturalism vanishes before the relentless chase of the new. His place is neither on the heights of Olympus nor beyond the thunder-clouds. Naturalism has been there and looked and tasted and handled and smelt and analyzed and classified, and did not find him; and the retreating God, as Dr. Hedge so admirably describes, no longer exists on the plane of natural life, but is resolved into natural law. Naturalism, too, reduces the old question about miracles to total insignificance. There can be no such thing as the breach of law; for law is the supreme order, and we

cannot suppose this to be broken in a single link without giving to our faith a shudder and a chill from atheism. The portents and the prodigies through which either gods or demons were supposed to break in upon us, resolve themselves one by one into the general harmony, till the presumption is that portent and prodigy have no existence except to our lying senses and our infant intelligence.

It becomes very easy to measure the contributions of naturalism to theological science and Christian knowledge. Its army claims to be the van of human progress; and so it is. They are the sappers and miners who clear the way. They remove old buildings, and heaps of ancient *débris* and rubbish. Our polemic preaching and exegesis may do something in beating down old errors; but compared with what naturalism does, it is as the fire-flies of a night, that beat against the walls, compared with the chemistry which crumbles them down and turns them into food for the clematis, the moss, and the ivy. The local God, the local heaven, the local hell, the old doctrine of creation by jets of power, of the divine government by special Providence and by miracle, the federal headship of Adam, with all its dependencies of imputed sin and imputed merit and vicarious atonement, the old eschatology with its dramatic scene of the resurrection and the judgment day, — all these disappear or are chased by the Day Spring into theological schools that close the shutters against it, or into old churches where they shut the blinds and read the Psalms and the Litanies by gas-light, at high noon.

But a most important question now arises, — Is naturalism as competent to build as to pull down? What has she to show in the place of these grand old structures which had housed the generations for so many centuries, and protected the childhood of our Christian faith? The answer must be short. She has nothing to show. In pulling down, all the chemistry of nature works with her. But when she builds, it works against her, and all her attempts at construction have been failure, ignominious and complete. We will show this as briefly as possible.

The three prime doctrines of all religion are *the doctrine of God, the doctrine of immortality, and the doctrine of human regeneration*, involving the relation of God to man. These being darkened or lost, there is no religion left fit to guide the race or to purify it. Now let us see how naturalism construes these three prime truths of all religion, and what she makes of them.

1. She has driven the retiring Deity out of all the localities of nature. Has she brought him into nature again, or into life, through any other door? No: she has not and cannot; for she knows of no other door.

Kant, who followed all her methods with unrelenting logic, and is her faithful high priest to the utmost, makes all the inferences of natural religion to be perfectly null and void. Paley's whole method becomes worthless, and all his books are waste paper. You cannot argue from nature to God, because nature is given to us only under the forms of space and time; and space and time are simply forms of our own consciousness, and have no existence out of consciousness. You cannot reason to any thing beyond space and time, or conceive of any thing, because space and time are a part of you, and you color every thing by your own subjectivity, and are producing the *a priori* forms of your own consciousness. We can only know phenomena, or things as they appear to us; and whether these appearances answer to things as they are in themselves, or how, we can never know, and the investigation is perfectly futile, and a chase after shadows.

Having thus shut us in to sense, and locked the doors, what becomes of that supersensual world which devout men and women had been thinking of for six thousand years? Why, it vanishes like a waking dream!

Startled at his own conclusions, Kant hastens to remand us to our moral nature. Look there, he says, and you will find God. You will find him in the moral law, — the categorical Thou shalt, which there lies eternally upon the conscience. He falls back upon Descartes' method, and lets God into the world through the human consciousness.

But the question returns, Suppose the moral consciousness is phenomenal too, what then? What if the moral nature,

like physical nature, is only representative, how do I know that the representation answers to the reality, or whether, indeed, there is any reality behind it? My speculative reason went from outward nature to something beyond it, from the exquisite traces of design to a Designer, and the beauty that broods around me upon landscape and hill, I thought must be the transparent shadow of an everlasting beauty, too dazzling for my naked eye. No, you say, that is reasoning from phenomena, from things that appear to things that are; and the whole conclusion is vicious and illegitimate, for I am only reproducing the forms and tints of my own subjectivity. Very well: if my moral nature is also phenomenal and representative, how do I know but my moral reason, as my speculative, may befool me and play me false, and that after all it corresponds to nothing which has its own qualities or the colorings of its own conceptions. I do not know; and a God of *moral attributes* I cannot authenticate at all from my moral nature, which gives every thing the forms and colors of my own subjectivity also. God retreats from me as fast and as far as before, and even vanishes clean out of sight. I may scale the farthest heights of the speculative or the moral reason, and look over into the vast Beyond, and nothing appears in the gaping void but the infinite darkness, into which the owls of atheism might hoot for ever without the smallest chance of a returning echo.

Frightened at this result, the naturalistic philosophy hastens to shift its ground, — Oh! the moral nature is not phenomenal but noumenal: it is not *representative* of God but *presentative*. Very well: then the moral conscience is itself God, for that is what it presents; and the essential Divine is transferred to the human consciousness and inclosed within the conditions of humanity, and God sinks and is lost in man. Man himself becomes God. The highest Theism is the most enormous Egoism; it is man lifting himself into the infinite, as Baur says;* or again, the soul swelling to the "circle

* In dem wissen um seine Endlichkeit, stellt sich das Subject über sine Endlichkeit es geht in demselben in sich selbst zurück, um die schrauben seiner, Endlichkeit zu durchbrechen, und sich über sie zum absoluten zu erheben. — *Dreieinigkeit*, vol. iii. p. 752.

of the universe," — as Emerson says,* — probably the greatest swell that human nature ever accomplished; the limit, certainly, where swelling can no further go. And here we are impaled alternately on these two relentless horns. Say the moral nature only gives us phenomena, and we run dead into the abyss of atheism; say it gives us noumena, and we are clutched forthwith by an all-devouring Pantheism: and between these two we vibrate all the way from Descartes down to Comte, until Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel condescend to take us up, and toss us back into the protection of the old theology, there to mutter our creeds and pater-nosters without asking what they mean, or whether they mean any thing, — which probably they do not. And here we are turned out of house and home, and Truth herself runs, and grasps the horns of the old altars, for fear of being crucified between two thieves a second time.

I take Kant and his successors as simply representative of a whole phase of thought, and because they drive things to their conclusions honestly, and give us logic where others give sentiment and declamation, or filch the truths of Revelation, and send them up as sky-rockets which they profess to have manufactured from their own bitumen and saltpetre.

2. So, again, Naturalism is utterly impotent to formulate any doctrine of immortality.

It is perfectly clear that the idea of deathless existence cannot be proved from nature. Nature knows of no such existence. Nature is always dying, and she never re-appears in the identical forms which she has lost. Immortal existence being given, we can illustrate the doctrine from nature; we can embody and enrobe it, and for this she lends us her sweetest analogies, and her choicest beauty and bloom. But unless the doctrine is given from above and beyond nature, the analogies stop short at the grave, and the symbol becomes empty. The figure in which we imbodyed and enrobed it is

* "The soul knows no persons. It invites every man to expand to the full circle of the universe, and will have no preferences but those of spontaneous love." "That which shows God out of me makes me a wart and a wen." — Emerson's *Cambridge Address*, pp. 13, 14.

only a figure ; and so the robe is a shroud, and the body is a corpse. Nor can we prove it from consciousness. We are conscious of the present only, the now and here ; to say we are conscious of what *will* be, is simple solecism of speech. Theodore Parker avows his consciousness of immortality. If he had avowed a memory of what took place before he had existence, and that he was present at the birth of his grandfather, he would not have uttered more palpable nonsense. I am conscious of wants, of unutterable longings towards an infinite future, and I hope they will have an endless impletion out of the affluence of God. And from these wants and longings and hopes, I come to a presumption and a tremulous perhaps ; and that is all. But, granted the presumption, I get not the faintest whisper from nature or consciousness of the process and method of the immortal life. Naturalism is utterly impotent to construct a pneumatology ; for she has not a shred to build it with, except what she borrows from flesh and sense, and these are worthless for that end, as we leave them behind us at the grave. Beyond that boundary, not only the reason cannot enter, but imagination even drops her wing, and falls dead, like the fabled birds, over the Sea of Sodom. She may spin theories of the immortal life out of her own subjective state ; they will be just as likely to answer to the reality, as the house which the spider weaves out of her own bowels answers to the great world around of sky and forest and landscape. Hence naturalism hastens into one of two results : her immortality is not a conscious and personal one, but unconscious and impersonal, and on the plane of nature, — man melting back into the bosom of the All, to turn up somewhere else under a new phasis of natural life. What a priesthood of comfort must hers be by the side of a new-made grave ! There, as the mother lays her first-born within the devouring vortices of nature, her tear is dried by the assurance that somewhere or some time it may turn out again as a pansy or a glow-worm. If Hamlet had only lived late enough to find comfort from Hegel and Shelling, he need not have feared what dreams might rise hereafter, for the sleep of death has no dreams to disturb any man's pillow.

The other and last resource of naturalism is necromancy. Three millions are said at this moment to embark with the ghost-seers their main hopes of an hereafter, of which neither the old Church nor the new science could give them any tolerable authentication.

"They call on dreams and visions to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought; conjure
Eternity as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave they speak
Imploringly; look up and ask the heavens
If angels traverse their cerulean floors;
If fixed or wandering star can tidings yield
Of the departed spirit."

And they call in vain; for the only spirit-world which necromancy has ever disclosed, is the nature-world, extended, but depleted of substance,—the pale mirage of nature inverted, and pictured on the clouds.

3. Just as impotent is naturalism to construct any doctrine of regeneration so as to go down with it as the candle of the Lord, into the deeps of human sinfulness, to explain man to himself and to cleanse him. Naturalism knows of nothing but development. She shows us no other way to perfection than that which conducts plants and animals to theirs; and thinks that men are to be grown like oysters and sun-flowers. Put man under good climatic conditions, and Mr. Buckle and Professor Draper will unfold him under natural law as uniform as that which produces peaches and pears. But the great problem of every religion which has ever worked profoundly has been the spiritual evil in man, revealed in his deepest consciousness, and giving him eternal unrest, and sighs and prayers for deliverance. Not the light of nature solves this to us, but a light from above nature, shining down into the chaos of our own evils and passions, showing us the foes of our own household, making them to stand forth open and confessed and black in the light, and giving us a chance to grapple and slay them. Hence the Christian regeneration is not development, but a conflict and a victory, and a song of deliverance. The strong men of the world, who have done its highest work, have not

been the sunflower developments, but the men who have come triumphantly out of this conflict, and have spoken words out of that deeper experience which went to man's deepest experience again,—the Pauls, the Augustines, the Luthers, the Swedenborgs, and the Wesleys. This terrible fact of inborn evil, naturalism can make nothing of; so she blinks it, or resolves it into physical causes. The experience of these grand old saints, the strongest and healthiest men the world knows of, whose words have cloven their way to our deepest needs, and who have come so serenely out of the fight with the Dragon under their feet, naturalism has no philosophy to explain. Oh, this consciousness of sin is a disturbance of the physical functions! and in place of conversion, repentance, and regeneration, she prescribes a change of diet or a change of air. She either makes it a morbid action of the spiritual nature, or remands the whole question from the spiritual nature to the digestive organs. The light of nature shines only upon the natural man,—the merest surface and cuticle of our real humanity; never into his profounder consciousness, there to resolve him, and set the angel and the demon in him face to face in divine light, and on a clear, open field.

Farther than this, and as a last result, evil is changed by naturalism into good, it being the rough rind of very healthful and delicious fruit. Sinners are saints, rather green and undeveloped, but fast coming into ripeness and perfection, if you only keep them under good external conditions, like melons in the sun. In the inevitable tendency of naturalism to swamp the divine in the human, and to merge God in the dumb forces of the universe, evil, as such, whether moral or natural, not only disappears, but becomes the form and phasis of the Divinity itself. It is only *Deus extensus*, as Spinoza says, or God becoming phenomenal. Or it is the Infinite coming to self-consciousness, as Hegel says, or God become human. The old Orthodoxy conceived of the Deity only from the supernatural and the superhuman; and so she divested him of every humane and lovely attribute. The new naturalism looks only from the natural and the human,

and so makes him altogether like herself. The last word of the old supernaturalism was the demonization of God. The last word of the new naturalism is the deification of the Devil.

We come now to the ulterior question, whether the spirit of the age is the grand sweep of the divine current into its culminating period, or whether, like the spirit of every foregoing age, it is partial and preparatory, and on one side the *reductio ad absurdum* of the falsities and follies of the age, and a prophecy of things to be; and, if so, what?

What else can it be but a future close at hand, in which both the supernatural and the natural, both the divine and the human, both the spirit-world and the material, shall come to their full rights, and illustrate each other with a harmonization of both, such as the Church had never seen. All that naturalism pulled down was a clog and a hinderance, a false and artificial nature, such as priests and monks had formulated; not fit to be the symbol and the clothing of Christianity in her absolute perfection and glory. Nature, as the new science discloses her, is only adequate to give revelation her language and ritual; and Christianity breaks from the old symbolism, as she broke from the wrappings of Judaism, into a new forthgoing for salvation and blessing.

It would be presumption in me, to attempt to cast the horoscope of that future; only we may watch the signs of the new Orthodoxy, for they announce its advent already as clearly as the purple clouds of the dawn announce the approach of day. We need not trouble ourselves to change the character of the old theology, or refute its errors: it is changing fast as need be, by a power which comes to it through an internal way. It holds fast to its supernaturalism while we are letting ours slip; and it holds fast the great truths involved, and even puts them in diviner forms: and it does this with a plastic power which I do not believe we have yet brought to bear to the same extent upon our Unitarian dogmas. Dr. Bushnell's noble argument gives both terms their full emphasis, neither involving the nature-world in the spiritual, nor the spirit-world in the natural, but

bringing each to its rights, in order that each may adjust and complement the other.

And how remarkable is the fact that naturalism, whenever she has attempted to antagonize revelation, has only assaulted the mere letter, touching only the rough rind, not so much as seeing the divine contents, or piercing to the ambrosial fruit. I presume we may take the late "Leben Jesu" of Strauss as its last and most skilful exploit in the way of negative criticism. Having sharpened its weapons to their finest point and keenness, and tried them thirty years whenever there was the least appearance of a seam or a flaw, Strauss gives us these six hundred pages to prove that both the gospels and the Christ are unhistorical. Mr. Norton's great argument seems to me to have anticipated nearly all his objections, and to have brushed them aside with a strength and scholarly ease which leave the historical argument perfectly impregnable. But all this aside as mere opinion, it is very evident, that somebody wrote the Gospels, and that somehow the Christ got imbodied in the literature of this world. This debate about proper names becomes utterly insignificant; and Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John may indicate unknown amanuenses or dragomen, for aught we care, when once we have a front view of the great truths they disclose, and that life, divinely human, where dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Proper names, says Swedenborg, are not known in heaven, but qualities only.

There was a man who started from Jerusalem towards Damascus, on a mission of persecution and murder, proud, cruel, and vindictive: he came from Damascus with a heart yearning towards all mankind, with the humility of a child, and with affections as tender as a woman's love. He went towards Damascus with an intellect narrowed down to a rapier's point, and harder than its steel: he came from Damascus with an intellect broadened and fused with divine fire, and with a logic so invincible, and with its links so warm with the Holy Ghost, that it moulded the thought of the world for eighteen centuries. What changed him?

Epileptic fits, says Mr. Strauss.* He was liable to swoons, and seeing spectres, which he called his thorn in the flesh.

There was a time when the darkness of spiritual death covered the face of the world as with a pall; when men and women worshipped their own lusts in the groves of Astarte; and when the God who ruled the heavens and the earth, and whose image filled the niches of the temples, was an adulterer and a tyrant. Down through this darkness, like a new sun risen, not on midnoon but midnight, descends a form of divine and human perfections, transcending not merely the thought of that age but the ideals of all the ages; and along with it came a new influx of power, a procession of the Holy Spirit, which swept through the heart of the race in Pentecostal gales, taking man, prone in the dust, and setting him upon his feet, searching the styres of sensuality, and cleansing them, inaugurating a new order of virtues, creating a new world out of the old moral chaos, and, for the sinners and the harlots, giving to history the apostles' glorious company, the noble army of martyrs, and the saintly women in spotless robes. Who stands at the head of this procession of creative power, and this new order of heavenly years? A fictitious character, say these critics, which the age created out of its own seething passions and imaginations. The age first created the Christ, and then the Christ created it, — the process which naturalism prescribes for lifting ourselves into the infinite by main strength, and by taking hold of ourselves.

That system we call Christianity, in the centre of which is Christ in his divine humanity, giving us the moral perfections of God in their unclouded blaze, with a whole series of truth ordered and harmonized around this one; pertaining to the nature of man, his redemption, his regeneration, his immortality, his retribution, the procession of the Holy Spirit to implete his nature, and cleanse it, — that system which spans the age, and all the ages, like a firmament of lights to guide them out of darkness, comes of the forged books of a dark period, and the brain of a sick man who lost his wits

* *Leben Jesu*, p. 302.

in epileptic swoons! The world will believe this, when they believe some crazy mechanic from Bedlam, who should come along and assure us, that, with his trowel and mortar, he built the splendid arches of the milky way.

But I must not pursue these reflections; for they lead us into a field of Christian evidence delightful enough, but which requires not an address but a treatise. I merely indicate the fact, that, while naturalism is potent to pull down false religions, she is utterly impotent to reach that supernaturalism out of which comes an absolute Christianity. Its whole argument proceeds on the assumption, that there is only one world, — a nature-world; and that all the work of God and man is only within its narrow beats and circulations. Granted a spirit-world of causes, and a nature-world of phenomena, and Strauss's criticism becomes worthless and even contemptible.

Not only this. There is not a doctrine of Christianity which the new science, instead of damaging, does not serve to shape and formulate with fresh beauty and universality. What new significance is given to the facts of the gospel histories, when you construe them, not as exceptional and miraculous, but as ranging under law, and conserving the supreme order as much as a sunrise, or a shower of rain! Granted a supernatural world above the natural, and always acting within it, to create it, and keep it young, and the facts of the New-Testament narratives simply indicate higher laws than we had dreamed of, coming full circle, and only searing our eyeballs because we had failed to see how radiant and profound and comprehending they are. The supernatural world, out of which came the angelophanies and the glorified Christ, in a light so great, that it dimmed the Syrian noon, and struck Saul of Tarsus stone blind for three days, and the Tübingen critics stone blind for a whole lifetime, is the only source to which we can track the stream of Christian history with any decent show of rationality; and so the immortal life is given to us, not as something we feel after in our groping consciousness, but given by eternal blazon and disclosure. The resurrection of Christ the third day,

brings into open light a LAW OF RESURRECTION, under which all the generations have escaped the worm and the claiming grave, and the saints of all time have burst the cerements of the flesh, —

“And passed through Glory’s morning gate
To walk in Paradise.”

The heaven and hell which naturalism has chased off the plane of material things become more dread realities as the apocalypse of man, and the scenery of his spiritual life, and of an eternal world lying open to the eye of faith in splendor and gloom such as the old Orthodoxy has never described nor dreamed of.

But I must not pursue these illustrations, which might be extended through the whole circle of Christian doctrine. I turn to you, fathers and brothers of the ministry of Christ, with one beseeching word. You propose a new and more efficient denominational action. You mean to organize a Broad Church to do its work in these sorrowful times, — to sow the deserts with the seed of truth, and make them blossom anew. Remember, I pray you, that a Broad Church does not mean breadth in material space, and that Christian catholicity and comprehension do not mean the swooping-in of all classes and characters, four-footed beasts and creeping things. It is *spiritual* breadth, not spacial; it is catholicity of ideas, not of surfaces; it is enlargement of affection, not of ecclesiastical geography; it is wholeness of doctrine, not agglomeration of mobs and multitudes. A naturalized religion is the most narrow, the most partial, the most one-sided, the most shallow, and therefore the most exclusive and uncatholic, of all religions. It halves the universe horizontally, taking only the lower base as its own, shutting itself in there, and seeing nothing else. It knows only the nature-side of things: it knows the Divinity even only by first swamping him in nature and in man. That other half, which transcends nature and sense and consciousness, ascending above and beyond them all, “by those bright steps which heavenward raise their practicable way,” she does not know

and, by her methods, she never can know. She halves the building, and takes the lowest room, leaving out the ascending stories, whose outlook commands the land of Beulah and the Delectable Mountains. Call it the low church, one story high, spiritually sectional, or cut in two, truncated. Do not call it broad or high or catholic, where half is put for the whole, and the lower half too.

Now bear in mind, that among the people thrown to-day upon the care of Christendom are four millions of Africans, emerging, thank God! into the prerogatives of manhood and womanhood, and, as we pray God, into the rights of citizenship, needing to be educated, guided, elevated, refined, and Christianized. They are Oriental in their whole make and temperament, and they live in the supernatural, and breathe it as fishes breathe water, and would die out of it as soon. What sort of a figure should we make, going to them with a Christianity cut in two, with the supernatural half thrown away! Then, again, are the millions of mean whites, North and South, and rich and poor, who do not know the meaning of an oath or of moral distinctions, or of a spiritual nature in man, which outvalues and outshines his worldly trappings. The church of this age, which God will own, has a missionary work to do among them. These men have had natural development enough, God knows, — only they developed towards Satan and his angels by that process, till they fixed an eternal blot on the civilization of the age, and well nigh put it out in a sea of blood. It matters not how many of the men of the age we swoop into our lines, unless we have a theology profound and strong enough to resolve them to their lowest consciousness, till the brute and the demon in them are seen renounced, crucified, and cast out, in order that the angel may have room to unfold. It signifies not to get multitudes into our camp, unless we can wash them, and clothe them, and equip them, and give them weapons to use, and powder and ball to put into their rifles that will hit somewhere. One of the good things, and the very best things, said at the national conference was, that we have something else to do besides liberalizing Orthodoxy; even to go among

the slaves of self, of lust, and of worldliness, with a gospel which shall convict, convert, and cleanse them, and present them to the Head of the Church, clothed in white, and in their right mind. But we cannot do this by preaching sentiment, or preaching rhetoric, or preaching our intuitions, backed only by our puny individualism. To do this, we must have organized truth as well as organized numbers, — a Christianity neither halved, nor nebulous, nor antagonizing itself, but sheltered and urged by the majestic authority of the Christ, and the best experience of eighteen hundred years; and of a Church so broad and so high, that it includes all the truth of the past, and all the germs of the future, — which has outlived all the changes of society and all the wrecks of empire, while still “we hear within, her solemn voice and her unending song!”

HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

LIEBSTER JESU, WIR SIND HIER.

TOBIAS CLAUSNITZER, 1671.

DEAR Redeemer, we are here
On thy word and thee attending.
Grant me thoughts intent and clear,
To thy heavenly precepts bending;
And, from all uncleanness sifted,
Let our hearts to thee be lifted.

All we think, and all we know,
Is with doubt and cloud surrounded,
If thy Spirit do not show
Light revealed and mercy sounded.
Thoughts that to all good would win us
Thou thyself must prompt within us.

Ray of Wisdom glorified,
Light from God's own light appearing,
Make us prompt on every side ;
Open heart and mouth and hearing,
Praying, singing, and confessing, —
Let them all draw down a blessing.

HYMN FOR THE BLIND.

O God ! To thine all-seeing ken
The night and day are one ;
The blackness of earth's deepest den,
And flaming of the sun.

Both lend to eyes of mortal race
Their sweet and mingled aid ;
And blest in its alternate place
The shining and the shade.

For us a cloud is on the sight,
And nature's face is hid ;
Alike untouched by figured light
The eyeball and the lid.

So it hath pleased thee, God ! Be each
Sore plaint and passion still ;
And holy thoughts kneel down, and teach
Submission to that will.

From all our diminutions, Lord,
Let trust and love increase ;
And all our hinderances reward
With patience and with peace.

Oh, clear the mind ! Be more and more
The invisible revealed ;
And spirits brighten at the door,
When all without is sealed !

N. L. F.

THE SINNER'S PEACE, THROUGH CHRIST, BY
FAITH.

PAUL says, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Justified by faith! Peace with God through Christ! What are we to understand by this? What facts, if any, of our moral or spiritual life correspond to this? Did these expressions of Paul get emptied of their meaning, when the circumstances of the dispute between the Jews and the Gentiles became obsolete as a point of difference? or are there still substantial realities underneath these expressions? This last question may be answered either affirmatively or negatively, according to the personal experience of the party answering. It is but stating the case as it truly stands, to say that some do and some do not find that these expressions of the apostle stand for something real in their experience. I regard the early dispute between the "circumcision and the uncircumcision" as but the occasion for Paul's doctrine of justification being stated.

That dispute did not give rise to the doctrine, although it may have given occasion for its being stated just as it was. The need of justification has its root much deeper in human nature than any mere local or external circumstances can place it. There was a fact in Paul's own spiritual history or experience, which corresponded to and gave rise to his expression, — "being justified by faith." We may be able more or less accurately to describe this fact, if not able fully to analyze it. We can describe it only in so far as our own experience corresponds and harmonizes with that of Paul. Nor is it such a difficult thing as some persons think. For in the essentials which go to make up human nature, and a genuine Christian experience, in what did Paul differ from any one of us to-day? In not one particular.

That which destroys the harmonious relation which originally exists between God the Father, and all of his children, was the same in Paul's case as in ours.

It was the same giving way to that dark spirit of evil, which, from below our consciousness, and independent of our will, rises up in all our minds,—the same bending before the tempter which gave to Paul the consciousness of guilt, and alienation from God, and produced the feeling of the need of being justified. Temptation, in principle, is the same in every age. Sin is the same. I can see a great spiritual truth in that oft-scouted exclamation of the newly awakened soul, to which is brought home the exceeding sinfulness of sin as seen in the tragedy of Calvary,—“’Twas I that did it!” There is really more truth in this than is generally admitted. Our sin, whatever *form* it may take, is, in principle, the same with the sin of those who nailed Jesus to the cross. Our *guilt* may be a matter of more or less; but the spirit is the same,—the God-defying spirit.

In Paul’s case, as in ours, it was a revelation of himself as he was, and of the high and holy ideal which he was by God intended to be, which gave to him his deep sense of unworthiness. He sees, with unutterable delight, the beauty and the glory of his soul’s possible attainment; but, in the penetrating light of this vision, he cannot help being appalled at the sight of his sin-stained and unworthy self. He may be told that God is good, merciful, kind, ready to forgive; but he knows also that God is just, and he himself is sin-stained, if not still sinful. How can Paul, or any one in the same moral condition, be made to feel that God can be just, and yet accept such a soul?

The law demands perfection. In Christ is seen that perfection realized. He was tempted, yet was without any stain of sin. Such an one only is it possible that God in justice can justify. Such, at least, is the judgment of the quickened conscience. The sinner sees, clearer than ever before, the utter disparity between himself and the Holy One of God. He can feel no moral ground in himself, or of himself, upon which he can seek acceptance without doing violence to his own sense of justice. And here let me say, that I do not regard the difficulty as on the side of God. It is altogether in man himself. God may be standing ready

with open arms to receive the penitent; but the penitent must be forgiven, and accepted, if at all, on ground which will do no violence to his own ideal of God's character of justice. The sinner does not feel that the sense of alienation is removed by mere virtue of his having ceased to sin, and desired to be forgiven. His sense of justice upbraids him with his unworthiness and guilt; and he asks, Why should I be accepted of God? I who have had opportunity of virtue, and have neglected it! I who have had light, and have sinned against it! God loves me, it may be; but he is just, and I have sinned, and deserve not to enjoy his love. And the soul might beat about, seeking peace and finding none, for many a day, if God himself did not come to the rescue. The soul turns to its ideal of life, finds that actualized even more perfectly in Christ. Here is a life such as God requires: at once it approves itself to the soul's sense of justice; but nowhere else can such beauty and holiness be seen, and yet it is what God seeks of all. And to meet this very difficulty in the way of the sinner's peace has God thus, in Christ, come; not, however, to remove any obstacle on the divine side, but a real one on the human side. And the soul, turning its eager eye of faith on the actualized perfection of God, as seen in the life of Christ, — culminating as it does in the tragedy of Calvary, when for the sin of the world, that it might lose its domination over the lives and hearts of men, the spotless one of God freely gives himself up to death. Here, indeed, is something which fills up the soul's ideal of what God requires. This he can approve, and be just. And the soul longs to be that thing of truth and beauty. Oh that I were like him! And the soul that admires him, — the Holy One, — forsakes sin, and desires to be like him, and by faith holds him before the eye of the spirit, has, by a law of God, born within it, a spirit kindred to the one which is the secret of all the perfection which is seen in Christ; and which, because it is perfection, and promises to give a ground of acceptance with God, attracts the soul as nothing else can; and peace at last is won.

Now, a partaker of the spirit which gives value to the life

of Christ, makes it, indeed, what it is: the obstacle to a consciousness of acceptance with God is, in part at least, removed. The soul can now see, that, in virtue of the spirit which is now in it, capable as that spirit is seen to be of producing a life like that manifested by Christ, — the soul can feel that God can accept it; not, indeed, in virtue of what it has done, but because of the spirit which it is of, and has identified itself with. That spirit, the soul sees and feels, is of God: it makes him who has it one with God. Alienation from the Father — the chief part of punishment — no longer exists: the other consequences of sin, the soul knows it cannot escape, and has no desire to escape; but these are now felt, in the new relation to be, not punishment, as before, but the merciful agents of purification. The soul feels justified, not by the merits of Christ placed over to its account as a balance for its own unworthiness, but by the spirit made its own by faith, and the grace of God.

God, in his great mercy, has set forth an object to our faith, which if we accept in the true spirit of penitence and trust, a kindred spirit is generated in us, and is the ground of our acceptance, of our justification. We are justified, not by deeds of the law, but by the spirit, by which alone is the fulfilment of the law. That spirit we make ours: so far as its possession by us depends on us, we make it ours by faith: by faith, then, we are justified. Thus have we peace with God. Not that God needed or required all this to remove any obstacle to our peace which existed in him, but that we might be enabled ourselves to feel at peace with him.

The need of the tragedy of Calvary originated with man. Nor does it affect the force of this to say that God knew beforehand that the need would exist. It does not, in fact, exist till man has alienated himself from God by transgression. The need existing, the Father sends his Beloved One to call home the wanderers, that he may bless them with a realization of his great love, and that they may experience that peace which a revelation of themselves shows them they so much need. Through Christ that peace is ours.

THE ANGEL TO THE BELOVED.

AN angel knocketh at the door, —
The same sweet face I've seen before ;
All busily I sit and sew ;
All fondly group the home ones few ;
Scarcely the faintest breezes move ;
We feel the breath of holy love.

The angel glideth to our side ;
To her pure presence open wide
The inmost souls of all within :
She sits again where she hath been.
Do we not know and feel her near, —
The beautiful, the wept, the dear ?

Sweet love dispels our sadness now ;
No shadow dims that radiant brow.
From sunny lands in yonder home
To stricken hearts she here hath come.
We listen to the thrilling tone, —
The silence answers, " 'Tis her own."

" Bear up in patient, cheerful faith,"
The gentle spirit, joyous, saith.

" Those ye call dead love not the tears
With which the mourning cloud their years,
But, hovering o'er the grassy sod,
Point upward to the living God.

" Labor and trust, and plant the flowers
Of peace and hope o'er life's swift hours,
Making a link both strong and true
Between my new-born life and you ;
My own immortal, happy state,
Where o'er my love I watch and wait.

" Bend humbly at the holy shrine ;
Drink in a stronger life divine, —
A consecration high and pure ;
Love that through ages shall endure ;

And make my memory evermore
A life and light within your door."

Lo ! oft she sits beside us now,
And wipes the anguish from our brow,
And opens sunlight and sweet peace ;
Lets beauty in as tear-drops cease ;
And fills our cup with hope and joy,
Which earthly ill can ne'er destroy.

LETTER ABOUT SWEDENBORG.

[A friend who embraces Swedenborg's philosophy, but repugns the Swedenborgian sect, sends us the following, in correction of what he deems our erroneous impressions, stated or implied in our article on the Church of the New Age. We give it as the view of one whose intuitions are remarkably broad, deep, and clear, and whose spirit is one of most Christian catholicity. — s.]

AND this brings me again to the defence of my beloved counsellor and philosopher, Swedenborg, against what I deem the erroneous impressions you have received of his sexual condition. And here, too, allow me to state what seems to me to be the specific character and the unique worth of Swedenborg's philosophy to mankind. In his works, the fundamental truths of, first, The DIVINE MAN ; second, The GRAND MAN (*Maximus Homo*) ; third, The SOCIETARY MAN ; fourth, The INDIVIDUAL MAN ; and, fifth, The PERPETUAL INFLUX *from* the first to the last through the intermediates, by which all live, move, and have their being, — have taken, in the mind and works of Swedenborg, for the first time in history, pronounced, positive, *scientific form*.

There is no truth small or great in his pages, save perhaps that of discrete degrees, which cannot be found more or less perfectly announced in the works of other philosophers, of the "fathers," the saints, the seers, of earlier times. But in their hands and in their minds, these truths were at war with that young Hercules, — science. They sacrificed, most religiously, the latter to save the former. Swedenborg, with his

broad scientific culture and open spiritual vision, saw simultaneously in both worlds, and harmonized their existence. Receiving his illumination, the Word is fulfilled,—There shall not be war any more: nation shall not lift up sword against nation; and there is nothing to hurt or destroy. It now remains for men, in their individual and collective experience, in their spiritual and natural experience, to realize the harmony of this order. The key-note, the pass-word, of this new age is universal harmony,—harmony unbroken, between the senses, the reason, the spirit, revelation, and the Lord. Our salvation is the realization in our experience of this truth. Our choicest illumination is a deep consciousness and intuition of its reality. Our redemption is delivery from the discord and unhappiness and evil arising from states antagonistic to this harmony; is, therefore, a state of soul and body induced by the full reception of the divine Influx alike in our inmost and outmost being, harmonizing all with all by that sweet utterance, "Peace, be still!" Our peace *is* this harmony reigning within our conscious experience. Harmony is heaven. Discord is hell. Of this new movement in human life,—in history, say,—Swedenborg was the John the Baptist. He trod the scientific wilderness, feeding upon its locusts and wild honey, and, clad with its coarse raiment, proclaiming the coming of the Lord even into this new state of the human mind. But there standeth one in the midst of the disciples of this age, whose shoe-latchet Swedenborg is not worthy to unloose. Swedenborg must decrease. He must increase. You will see by this where I locate Swedenborg. He has no ecclesiastical consequence to me whatever. But, as a philosophic theologian standing firm upon a scientific basis, he is a master to whom the world does not know the extent of its debt. Descending now from this higher land, where we see Swedenborg in character, all grandly costumed for the noble part the Supreme Manager had given him to perform, we come to his private life. Here I am disposed to defend Swedenborg; not because he was or pretended to be a saint, but because he partook of our common human nature, and was a sinner. The sinners, you know, are the

true saints. (*Vide James.*) And Swedenborg did not here hesitate to record himself in the worst possible light. He wrote down, as items of philosophic interest to him, if not to others, the minutest movements alike of his spiritual nature in the hour of *extase*, and of his sensual existence in hours of its greatest excitement. His dreams, his imaginations, his impulses, his thoughts, as things curious, yet common, which sprang from the soil of his nature, he faithfully catalogued; somewhat as a true botanist records with equal interest the noxious weed and the blooming fruit-tree. The modern or ancient saint has a fancy, that the regenerate man is released from all symptoms of human frailty, and would not accept instruction from a man "of like passions with" themselves, if they knew he was such. But, that this is a fallacious style of thought, we may readily conclude, from the fact, that a selfhood is the background upon which God creates his highest angels. Nor do I believe that any man can heartily accept the new order of things which is now working its way to predominance, unless he has had the consciousness of that selfhood thoroughly wrought out in his experience. Standing upon the platform of the "religious conscience," we might condemn Swedenborg's frailty (granting it all for the present purpose); and, indeed, from that same stand-point we might, could, and would condemn ourselves and the entire race to the everlasting abyss. But the man of the new age is a man of philosophic cast; and philosophy unfolds a new department of thought, catalogues the evils of human nature anew, and regards them with a view to their conquest or utilization by other than religious methods. In fact, the religious culture of the past is not equal to the task of regenerating us. No exclusively religious culture is. It is partial, obstinate, self-righteous, and inimical to any thing spontaneous or tender in our lives. It is most potent where an actual sight of interior truth, as applicable to the inner or outer life of the hour, is most wanting. Give me philosophic insight into my life, and how much more tenderly and calmly, and with how much more of human dignity, does that insight mediate between me and God, than ever did my bare religious

instinct. When my inner sight fails, I fall back naturally upon that instinct, but not till then. Now, I mean to say, that Swedenborg, regarded, not from the stand-point of Augustine, or of the emasculated Origen, but from that of the live thinkers and workers of the present time, will receive nothing but cordial good fellowship and a most fraternal regard. Brotherton, who was at that time in a very religious mood, and much in vogue with the "spirits," could not be expected to appreciate him. Wilkinson, who had the larger, freer, and happier mind, could see differently. Swedenborg is the first man I know of who was transparent with spiritual life, and yet free from the egotism of saintship; and I cannot but think that you will yet come to regard him with less severity, because you will come to consider him apart from the ancient standard of saintship, as a man who had passed that phase of life, and entered upon a higher, — one in which the religious conscience was subordinated to a superior spiritual and rational condition. I therefore indorse, without hesitation, Swedenborg's "Scortatory Love," as a true and celestial philosophy working out, or trying to work out, the most good in low states and with humble material. I also defend his sexual experience on philosophical grounds, whether his dreaming or his waking imaginations, as natural, and occupying their proper place in him, and as by no means damnatory. I also pray that it may not be the means of making him the butt for the small shafts of enthusiastic religionists, to whom his enlarged philosophy and fine spiritual development might otherwise be of incalculable service. Regarding his own sense of his uncleanness, too, I have a word that I would like to say. We circulate, in our various states, through the *Maximus Homo*; finding ourselves now under the biting influences of the gastric juice, and again undergoing the fetid castigations of the digestive organs, before we are prepared to ascend to higher places and nobler uses in the organism. The sense of one's condition in some of these transitions can hardly be such as to exalt self-esteem. Yet such is the order of our lives. As for myself, I am just now about as thoroughly stagnant as I can be. I am looking for the dawn of a bright,

new day upon this night-condition. I do not regulate the rising and the setting of the spiritual suns any more than the natural.

R. N. F.

LOWLY SERVICE.

THE work appointed thee
Do with thy might,
Small though that work may seem
In man's dim sight.

Strive thou, nor vainly ask
A loftier place;
Adorn thy humble lot
With Christian grace.

Win thou thy patient way
To nobler powers:
From seeds the forest grows,
The year from hours.

God seeth not as we;
The sparrow's fall
Is noted by the eye
That guideth all

The mighty worlds, that keep
With silent force
While countless ages roll
Their solemn course.

By little deeds of love
Thy soul may climb,
As glide the fleeting years,
To heights sublime.

Thy taper's tiny ray,
If used aright,
May shine through endless years,
An orb of light.

MORNING SIDE.

CHAPTER IX. — TRANSITION.

It was nearly four weeks before I saw Arthur again. Some business connected with the settlement of an estate, confided to me, had caused my absence, and we got into the fierce cold and snows of winter before my return home.

Meantime, as I learned, there had been a medical consultation at his house. The best professional advice of the county veiled the result of examination by reporting, that there was no immediate danger, and that, possibly, a warmer climate might be serviceable. Of course, there was a fixed grasp of disease.

The suggestion of a voyage met with no favor from Arthur, who received in like manner another proposal, from some friends in the city, that he should pass the winter with them, where a more uniform temperature might be secured. He preferred his home, the sight of those who had been his daily associates, the companionship of his books, and the invisible presence of the venerated and loved who made that home sacred.

For my part, I felt that both right feeling and good sense had led to this decision. The front square chamber of his house, with its sunny exposure and cheerful views, offered the greatest attraction; and it had been fitted up with reference to his wants. There for several days he had been installed.

I did not see so much change in his appearance as I expected. His face had more pallor, and his eyes were more sunken; but he met me with his usual smile, and cordial shake of the hand. He entered at once into conversation, asking particularly, with a little twinkling of fun as I thought, how I succeeded in parrying the designs of a man who, as he knew, had given me trouble.

Neighbor. — Oh! he proved a thorn in my side to the very last. It is almost inconceivable, with how many obstacles, and with how

much spite, he has opposed a settlement of this case. And, what is worst of all, his selfish schemes are always clothed with the garb of religion.

Arthur. — Ah, well, neighbor! it is something to remember that hypocrisy is not a common vice of our times.

Neighbor. — What is your explanation of the fact? that all the coin of the land is so base that counterfeiting does not pay?

Arthur. — Quite on the other hand; it is because the genuine is too well known by all. We have learned to assay the metal, and trust less the image and superscription. It is only in times which ascribe an exaggerated importance to professions and forms, that we offer a premium for hypocrisy.

Neighbor. — Well, I am sometimes surprised that the unworthy lives of its friends have not driven religion away from the world.

Arthur. — And, therefore, the stronger must be your inference that it has a divine power in itself; as we learn from that pretty Italian story of which you may have heard.

Neighbor. — I wish you would tell the story, as I do not know what you refer to.

Arthur. — Its chief interest arises from its being one of the tales with which the Italian novelists, two hundred years before the Reformation, lashed the vices of the Papal court. It says, that in a circle of merchants in Paris, in the fourteenth century, was an excellent and estimable Jew, who had often been urged by his friends to become a Christian, as it pained them to think that the soul of so wise and good a man should, through defect of faith, go to perdition. Abraham had been so much importuned on this subject, that finally he resolved to go to Rome, to study the religion at its fountain-head: a decision which his companions with all earnestness opposed, as they knew that what he would see there, so far from promising to make a Jew become a Christian, was far more likely to force a Christian to become a Jew.

But Abraham was not to be turned aside from his purpose. So he mounted his horse, made his long journey, kept his eyes and ears wide open, and, after many months, was welcomed back by his friends in Paris, who assembled to hear his decision.

He told them, that, in the capital of Christendom, he found no holiness, no devotion, no virtue, — but luxury, avarice, lust, instead; and that it appeared to him, that, if the pope, cardinals, bishops, priests, had been intent on driving religion out of the

world, they could not take any course more effectual than that now pursued. "And yet," said he, "this religion from age to age is advancing, and with every generation is becoming more clear and commanding; nor can I now fail to see the reason of this,—there must needs be an Almighty Spirit as its foundation and support:" and upon this he was immediately baptized with all demonstrations of joy.

Such is the story, written, as you perceive, in a particular interest, and possibly having slender foundation in fact. Yet Abraham's inference was not much out of the way, after all.

Neighbor.—I thank you for the story, which is new to me. I think the inference is one which few, under such circumstances, would be wise enough to draw. But, Mr. Arthur, I have been thinking, when I see you here, interested in your studies, and surrounded by your books, how many resources you must have for the confinement which, as I understand, is prescribed for you.

Arthur.—Oh! my confinement is not absolute. I contrive to get a ride every pleasant day. Yet, neighbor, what you observe is very true. A plenty of books, and a taste for using them, are things to be thankful for. How wonderful that the great minds of the world may come to my chamber, and whisper their best thoughts into my ear! Their dominion for ages seems to turn into a hollow pageant the pomp of wealth and of power, seen only for a day.

Neighbor.—That reflection, a friend tells me, came very strongly to him in Westminster Abbey, in going from the Chapel, where the Kings and Queens of England are nothing but dust, to the Poet's Corner, with those who still "rule us from their sceptred urns."

Arthur.—Ah, yes! and the exalted conception this gives us of the soul of man seems some foreshadowing of its immortality.

Neighbor.—But it is haunted by a scruple. The mass of human beings give us no high conception of their nature. It is only a few mountain-peaks of humanity, that lead up your thoughts to immortality; what shall we say of the uncounted multitude on the broad plains, in the low vallies and dark caverns, of life?

Arthur.—Let us say, that all minds are of one family; and that the growth of a helpless infant, in a few years, to become a Plato or a Milton, may be more wonderful than the growth of all pure souls, after a little training in the other world, to a point far higher than that where Milton or Plato stood.

Neighbor. — So I believe, Mr. Arthur ; but I think we might be more sure of it, if we knew what death is.

Arthur. — Though that be true, neighbor, and true also that only by passing through the change shall we know what it is, still how many things offer us obvious and, if we will but ponder them, far-reaching suggestions. So that we need not be like children trembling in the dark, but may have the calmness of a sure trust.

Neighbor. — I think so, too ; and I regard it as one token of an advanced Christian culture, that much of the old superstitious fright has given place to a more composed and tranquil submission.

Arthur. — How I should love to live in the times when a higher Christian consciousness shall appropriate and use the softened modes of expression struck out in the first exultation of the Christian faith,—that death is “abolished,” “swallowed up in victory ;” is “not tasted” by the believer, who is “delivered from its bondage ;” that “Lazarus sleepeth,” and the departed have “fallen asleep in Jesus !” And then, you know, a generation or two later, in the days of persecution, when believers lived in the Catacombs underneath the city of Rome, they recorded on those marble tablets,—thousands of which have been preserved to our day,—that a “father had gone in peace ;” a mother had been “borne away by the angels ;” a child had been “taken in the arms of the Good Shepherd.”

Times of great trial summon up those more courageous virtues that mate and master the fear of death, which seems to become excessive and morbid amid the soft indulgences of life. Doubtless that fear is not too strong for the purpose for which it was bestowed, as is manifest not only from repeated instances of suicide, but from the readiness to rush to war, and to engage in perilous business occupations ; from the ease with which any strong passion sets it aside, and the general recklessness as to health : still, when we have but little else to think of, this fear unhappily assumes appalling proportions, as to a child does the taking of medicine, or the extraction of a tooth.

Neighbor. — If we look to nature, we see that the things which are common to all are benignant,—life, sleep, the sun, the air, water ; so that it was a short, but not unwise, inference of one who said, “Death cannot be an evil, because it is universal.”

Arthur. — Yes ; and, if we look again to nature, we see that all her processes are gentle. In her general plans, there is nothing

abrupt and violent. By what kind approaches does night succeed day! By what imperceptible gradations does one season of the year follow another! See, how gently youth grows up to manhood, and manhood attains to old age! Is death an exception to this plan?

Let us remember, that, by our violation of the physical laws of our being, death often comes more abruptly and painfully than nature intended. And let us remember another thing,—that we see death only on one side. If to survivors, left with the shell of the flown bird in their hands, the transition seems startling, let us ask, how does it seem to the freed? What if a consciousness of their change, lost in this world in slumber, dawns on them, in the world to come, as does the morning light with us when one awakes out of sleep? “Our little life is rounded with a sleep,” perhaps as gently and kindly as any of those other processes of nature here referred to.

Neighbor.—If we call death the passage from one condition of existence to another, may we not say we have already died two or three times? We died once when Infancy expired, and we went upwards into the life of Youth. We died again in Youth, when its tastes and pleasures deceased; and shall die again, when the ambitions and passions of Manhood shall be buried, and we shall pass on to the future state of Old Age.

And through these successive periods, though preserving our consciousness of identity, we have not only experienced marked physical changes, but have actually inhabited different bodies. I suppose it would be deemed extravagant to say, that, in a vast number of cases, the final departure from this body is attended with no more pain than the passage of one of our earthly bodies to another.

Arthur.—It would be contrary to the common impression; but I believe your remark is literally true. You and I have seen one die as gently and unconsciously as that; and has not almost every family some parallel remembrance? Even where there is a departure less easy, in the immense majority of cases it is only a sense of sinking and exhaustion that is felt,—something not harder to bear, probably, than many a day's illness that has awakened no anxiety.

We are often told, you know, that signs interpreted as indications of suffering—such as the rolling of the eyes, and the contraction

of the muscles — are merely mechanical motions, unaccompanied by consciousness. Of course, death does come, at times, amid great physical agony; but, if you ask aged physicians, they will tell you that they can remember but few such cases in the whole of their experience.

Shakspeare, who noticed every thing, has alluded to the absence of suffering in death, in lines which have often been misunderstood: —

“The sense of death is most in apprehension:
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

That is, neither suffer much, for the reason given in the first line.

Neighbor. — But, Mr. Arthur, this seems to be a subject which you have studied; and, if I may judge from your earnest manner, it has interested you. It is what we all sometimes think of in our serious hours; but seldom, I suspect, is it a topic of conversation.

Arthur. — In case it be not unwelcome to you, I hope you will not be unwilling to talk more and plainly with me. You are quite right as to my interest in this subject. For weeks it has had a strange fascination. It seems to clear and soothe my mind to have this quiet talk with you. I have read what I can find in books, but have not met the satisfaction I expected. Medical attendants mark the phenomena of dying, up to a certain point; and then all investigation is suddenly arrested, and they know no more than a child. I thank them for what they have taught me as to the almost uniform exemption from suffering. It seems to show that the All Good follows us to the very last; and it proves that dying is no exception to the gentle processes of nature.

Neighbor. — And that is a great deal. After all, the accompaniments of a dying-bed stamp the chief horror upon a dying hour.

Arthur. — You remember the ancient saying quoted by Lord Bacon, “The array of the death-bed hath more terror than death itself;” — *pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*. But this horror, as you call it, is felt only by the surviving. The dying does not share it. How commonly it is said that he was the most composed person in the room. Nay, more than this, usually the dying shed not a tear, have a look of tranquil peace, and often say, “Do not weep for me; I am happy.”

It is the company of friends around that feel the horror ; and even with them, it comes not from the thought that a soul is about to have a new birth into a higher and diviner life, for that would give calmness and strength ; nor from the rending of earthly ties, for these ties are not suddenly snapt asunder. The dear mother and father are father and mother still ; and the sweet child is not lost, but is taken perhaps closer into the heart.

Of course, I do not imply that in the grief of surviving friends there is not much that is beautiful to our humanity.

" On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

Nor am I anxious to show, that in that grief there is a great deal that is sympathetic, conventional, and from impaired self-control, induced by watchfulness and anxiety. What I mean to say is, that all this is not such a necessary accompaniment of death as to force us to take from it our idea of what dying is. For example: could we fashion anew bad customs and unwise opinions, and learn to regulate our instinctive feelings more by reason and Christian faith, I can conceive that the scene at a dying-bed should always give tranquil, courageous, and even cheerful impressions of death.

Neighbor. — Are you not talking too much for your strength, Mr. Arthur?

Arthur. — Not in the least. It will do me good. There are several points we must not omit to view. In treatises on the phenomena of death, I have been struck with the fact, so generally noticed by them, that the dying, probably, retain their consciousness much longer than bystanders suspect. As the flood of life withdraws from the extremities first, it follows that, for a while, the hand, the tongue, the eye lose their power before the mind wholly ceases to use the body, which thus becomes a sort of mask, within which consciousness is retained without power of expression.

It seems there is a peculiarity about the ear. Sounds are heard after the eye becomes glazed, and the hand and tongue motionless. Instances of unexpected recovery are recorded, where patients distinctly heard friends around the bed speak of them as "nearly gone," as having "but a moment longer to live," and had no power over a muscle of their body. How interesting to trace the departing as far on his mysterious voyage as we can possibly discern him!

And in what condition do we find him there? I speak of the case of those who have no self-reproaches; and the answer is, happy — happy beyond the power of words to express; happy as if some beatific vision passed before them, infinitely winning, so that they have no wish to turn back to earth, their last adieu to which, they give in that sweet smile so often seen on the faces of the dead.

I know how some may explain all this, — that it is but a projection of life-beliefs into the sickly fancies of a dying hour. For my part, I think the uniformity of these results points to a cause somewhat higher than such a philosophy is apt to reach; and it is inexpressibly assuring to look upon them as tokens how near that Love comes to us which has made us, and given us the blessing of life, and is now to unveil before us those higher felicities of which we have so many prophecies in our nature.

Neighbor. — This taking away, at last, all fear of death has always seemed to me one of the marked expressions of the divine goodness. We see the important office which that instinctive dread fulfils while we are in health. It is a sleepless sentinel, guarding the boon of life against the thousand foes that might end it untimely. But to have that fear equally strong when there is no use for it, because our hour has come, would be an unnecessary bitterness at the bottom of the cup of life. How kindly is it taken away! It is as if a miracle was wrought in favor of each dying person; that is, a natural law seems to be suspended, or rather overruled by some higher law, at the very moment when the reason for its operation no longer exists, and to prolong it would inflict useless suffering.

Arthur. — It is, as you say, a miracle; but it belongs to that large class of miracles which, by being common, excite no wonder. The uniformity of this taking away the fear of death is very striking. Let me give you a sentence from a book I have read with great satisfaction. "Physiological Inquiries" is written in the spirit of a reflective, Christianly culture, by one* who kindly gives us the benefit of his observations, after a long and most eminent professional career.

"As to the actual fear of death," says the writer, "it seems to me that the Author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to

* Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, of London, Surgeon to the Queen, deceased in 1862.

us when it is intended we should live, and takes it away from us when it is intended we should die. I have myself never known but *two instances* in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death. The individuals to whom I allude were unexpectedly destroyed by hemorrhage. The depressing effects which the gradual loss of blood produced on their corporeal system seemed to influence their minds, and they died earnestly imploring that relief which art was unable to afford. Seneca might have chosen an easier death than that from opening the arteries."

I have seen similar testimonies from aged physicians, both as to the extreme rareness of a fear of death in the last moments of life, and that the exception has occurred in cases of bleeding to death. But how remarkable are Sir Benjamin's words! Two instances only in thousands of death-beds! What a proof, not only of a merciful intention, but of an actual interposition, according to an uniform and established plan!

Nor must I pass by one other thing which this same writer has suggested. It is, that the last few moments of life are not the time to observe the power of religious principle and feeling. "There is no doubt," he says, "that a pure and simple religious faith, and a firm reliance on the Being who has placed us here, contribute more than any thing besides to disarm death of its terrors, deprive the grave of its victory, and smooth the passage of the humble and sincere believer to the termination of his worldly career. Nevertheless, according to my own observation, and what I have heard from others, the influence of religious feeling is, for the most part, not so much perceptible at the moment when death is actually impending, as it is in an earlier period, when the individual who was previously in health, or believed himself to be so, first discovers that it is probable he will die."

That is the time to mark the action of our will. After that, our will itself seems to be in the hands of Him who made us.

And here you may like to hear what this same writer says on a point we were just now thinking of, — the retention of consciousness after the loss of ability of expression. He says, "I have been curious to watch the state of dying persons, and I am satisfied that, when an ordinary observer would not for an instant doubt that the individual is in a state of complete stupor, the mind is often active, even at the very moment of death."

After Arthur had read the above extracts, he rose to replace the book on the shelf, and I seized the opportunity to make signs of departure. To tell the truth, I was afraid he would talk to utter exhaustion. What made me feel still more solicitude, was the earnestness of his manner. The subject had taken possession of him; and I saw at once, by the deep tones of his voice, and a fiery glance of his eye, how profoundly he was interested. I could not help catching some of his enthusiasm, even if the subject of our talk had been uninviting to me, which it was not. Indeed, who can be indifferent to it?

Muffling myself warmly, and with a promise to see Arthur again in a few days, I was soon trudging through the snow, following the half-trodden path across the fields to my house.

IDEALIZING OUR FRIENDS.

I SEEM to have dodged all my days with one or two persons, and lived upon expectation, — as if the bud would surely blossom; and so I am content to live. What means the fact which is so common, so universal, that some soul that has lost all hope for itself, can inspire in another listening soul an infinite confidence in it, even while it is expressing its despair?

I am very happy in my present environment, though actually mean enough myself, and so, of course, all around me; yet, I am sure, we for the most part are transfigured to one another, and are that to the other which we aspire to be ourselves. The longest course of mean and trivial intercourse may not prevent my practising this divine courtesy to my companion. Notwithstanding all I hear about brooms and scouring and taxes and housekeeping, I am constrained to live a strangely mixed life, — as if even Valhalla might have its kitchen. We are all of us Apollos serving some Admetus. — *Thoreau's Letters.*

THE CHILD-SOUL.

A LOVELY boy, whose tender life
Five summers had not seen,
Who little knew how much to us
Earth's sad revealings mean, —

On his light prattle most intent,
With playthings round him spread,
Sitting upon the chamber floor,
Thus musingly he said, —

“I'll plant a root of Paradise
Within my garden-ground ;”
Not thinking, in his artless soul,
He spoke of truth profound.

These words, so sweet and beautiful,
Fell on a loving ear,
Which just had listened to the tones
Of blessing whispered here, —

Low from a dying father's lips,
On this, his only son,
Before his own pure spirit passed
To join his parted one.

O childhood ! what a depth is thine !
Unconscious, though inspired ;
Rich prophecies and living thoughts,
With heavenly radiance fired !

Yea, “plant thy root of Paradise”
Within thine early home ;
And let it bud and blossom sweet
For all who hither come.

And deeply in thine ardent soul
Implant the good and true,
That the unfoldings of thy life
May blossom ever new.

In thy fair garden, noble boy,
Let nothing come to blight ;
Nor weed nor mildew overspread
A plant so pure and bright.

Oh ! ne'er forget, in life's career,
The word so truly given ;
But ever in thy bosom keep
A plant all filled with heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ENJOYMENT.

A SERMON BY REV. JAMES C. PARSONS.

"For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving."—1 TIM. iv. 4.

THERE can be no doubt of the general principle which Paul intended to convey by this language, and I shall therefore make the text the foundation of a sermon upon

THE CHRISTIAN VIEW OF ENJOYMENT.

Religion has always had more or less difficulty in vindicating its views of life, and saving itself from the dangerous extreme to which its followers have been liable to carry it.

This is especially true in regard to pleasure. Pleasure is, of course, by its very definition, the natural object of desire. It would be a contradiction in terms, to suppose that a man would voluntarily choose pain rather than pleasure, sorrow rather than happiness, when there was no third element to be taken into account. The natural instincts are prompted by no other motive. As far as the animal life is concerned, which is the first life of us all, the gratification of the senses is the impulse to all action,—to all sowing and reaping. When no higher life has come into view, no thought of duty, of immortality,—pleasure has its full sweep. "If the dead rise not, let us eat and drink ; for to-morrow we die."

But just so soon as the higher life, or religion, begins to assert itself, then there is immediately felt to be a drawback

upon pleasure. Duty, in its very nature, is self-denial. There can be no longer unrestrained indulgence. A choice, which, in itself, is some degree of pain, must be made between what is allowable, and what is not allowable. After the choice, must oftentimes come struggle to overcome that still lingering desire for the kind or degree of enjoyment which the conscience condemns. So a new element is introduced into life. A shadow, not necessarily of sadness, but at least of seriousness, has fallen upon it. He who undertakes to deny this, and to represent a religious life as free with the same kind of freedom which was felt in the natural or animal life, takes upon himself a dangerous responsibility. A religious life must be a hard life, in some sense, — cannot be one of pleasure, in the literal, common acceptation of that term. He who accepts it, and has been lifted upon its higher plane, must accept all the consequences of his choice. With the honor, so also must come the weight of his higher range of capacities. He must be content to have pleasure no longer, till the end of existence ; and, if he be a true disciple, he *will* be content ; for he will seem to see a nobler and immortal satisfaction awaiting him.

It is one thing, however, to say that we will not have pleasure as the end of existence, but quite another thing to say that no pleasure shall be the end of existence. Yet that is the extreme to which the religious conviction has always been liable. Enjoyment is supposed to be incompatible with a devout life. It is either too profane for one who is in communion with sacred realities, or too idle for him who now knows no law but duty. Gratification is condemned ; or if there be any yielding to it, which, in the providence of God, can never be entirely avoided even by the most abstemious, it has been looked upon as sin. Feeling that self must be denied in some ways, or degrees, of indulging its propensities, we are next prompted to deny the very propensities themselves, — to curtail our God-given natures. From the Eastern religions, this habit of thought exerted its influence upon the early development of Christianity. We find allusions, in the Epistles, to the opinions of those who thought the gospel

demand the giving-up of all the delights of life. Some, in later days, even went so far as to inflict actual self-torture, and withdrew themselves from the society of mankind. Such were St. Anthony, famous for his struggle, in his retirement, with the Evil One in person; and St. Simeon, surnamed Stylites, from having passed many years on the summit of a lofty pillar. This view of life was supposed to have been intended by Christ himself, as when he says, "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee."

But, without claiming any such unwarrantable authority, religious and moral persons have frequently been disposed to countenance a hostility between holiness and pleasure. We remember how the poor boy, whom Dickens so well describes, after taking his mother and little sister to the theatre on a certain evening, and experiencing the only unalloyed enjoyment he had ever felt, wakes up, the next morning, with a remorse of conscience, as if it were a sin to have yielded so much to innocent indulgence. And how commonly it is felt, that, unless a man can justify himself for giving up a portion of his time to mere enjoyment, by stating some positive end he had to accomplish in so doing, such as renovating his wearied frame for new labors; unless he can show that he used pleasure as a solemn duty, and for a useful purpose,—he is faithless to his responsibilities, and wilfully wasting the time of his probation.

Now, I have no hesitation, in the light of Christianity, in saying that such views are founded upon a false conception of the ends of existence, and of the education of the soul. And when I say, "in the light of Christianity," I mean, in this connection, in the light of the soul's immortality, and its endless career of progress. When we come to ask ourselves, What is the object for which this life is given; what is the end to be attained, to which all the employment of our faculties must conspire,—whence comes the authority to answer that *work* is the end of existence, and that all is wasted, which does not conduce to that?

Let us see what powers man has,—what he can do? He can do three things: he can *know* and *act* and *enjoy*. Come

to classify his powers, and I think you will find neither more nor less than these three. His power of knowing, is the *intellect*; of acting, is the *will*; of enjoying, is the *sensibilities*. The first finds its object in the truth, which will never be exhausted; the second, in duty, which will always exist; the third, in beauty and love, which shall not fail for ever. Attempt now to state either of these as the end of his being, as the result for which the other powers were given him, and you are attempting to speak of the beginning or end of a circle.

Shall it be knowledge, and all the toils and pleasures of life be to help him to the truth? Shall it be action, so that all the acquirements of his intellect, and all his recreations, shall but give him the means for nobler deeds? Or shall it be enjoyment, and shall we believe that attainment in the truth, and faithfulness to duty are required, that we may pass at last into a condition of positive happiness? Such questions bring no satisfaction, because each one will be answered in the affirmative by different individuals, as they have been thousands of times. How various are the opinions as to the occupations of heaven! With many it is to be a realization of the purest pleasure; and they can well afford to lose the paltry enjoyments of time, if they may attain to the unending happiness of eternity. Others long for, and expect to reach, not rest, however blissful, but unclogged and glorious action. Others still, revel in visions of soaring through the universe on immortal wings, exploring the wonders of nature and of Grace.

Are we not forced, then, to the conclusion, that such is the wholeness of man's nature, no one of his powers can be specified as exclusively the end of his being, nor yet simply as a means for something else.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way."

They are all the end, and all the means. Education, growth, fuller and fuller life, is the process, of which there is no end. Life, including the exercise of all the faculties, is the object

of existence; and that object is to be realized every moment, as truly, if not as extensively, as at any time in the future. Whatsoever department of our nature we may be lawfully exercising at a given time is as good for its own sake, without referring to any ulterior purpose, as if we had reached the ultimate of our existence, and yet it proves to be the means only for the exercise of another faculty, and the attainment of a higher life; and, whenever we come to settle upon it as a finality, a voice is heard, saying, "Arise, and depart; for this is not your rest."

It is entirely a false assumption, therefore, which sets aside enjoyment as trivial, or as a waste of time which should be employed for higher purposes. Who shall say which is the higher purpose? Who shall say that time is wasted upon that which is as much an object of eternity as any other? Who shall say that he is not fulfilling the design of his being, who is occupied in the pure gratification, for its own sake, of that capacity of enjoyment which God has given him, and to supply which He has arranged all the economy of his creation? I will not say that the long delight of summer hours, when I lie and gaze my fill of the blue sky and white clouds breaking into beauty over leagues of shimmering sea, is convertible to no use, when I know how all my nature is enriched by the nourishment of loveliness through unseen channels, — but I will not ask for what use. I will claim that I am fulfilling my destiny, in an employment no more idle than work, or more profane than worship.

Let me rather accuse that man of waste of time, and neglect of opportunities, who has known no end but work; and, while he has but one life to live in this glorious creation prepared for him from the foundation of the world, where the heavens march over him day and night with pomp and splendor, and the rhythmic music of the seasons flows on around him from year to year, has irreverently turned his eyes from his Maker's panorama, and set God an example of reproof, by hurrying on the work of the universe! The education of his soul, — what has become of that? For this is the demand that will be made at the last, ay, is made every day, — not how

much work have you done, nor how much knowledge acquired, or how much happiness received, but how much are you educated, how much developed are all the faculties which were given you? We were put here to have life, and Christ came that we might have it more abundantly.

Will the poor man say that he has no time or means for enjoyment? "No time!" Why, every day is a little life rounded with a sleep: it is an epitome of eternity, and in its little rim it is possible to include all that we can ever hope to be or to do. In every day, if we would live rightly, there should be some work, some knowledge, and some enjoyment. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said Jesus; and, to however greater a degree it may some day be realized, it will never embrace any other elements than exist within any twenty-four hours of this present time. "No means!" do you say?—when you have five clear senses, and breathing lungs, and a loving heart; when it is for you the way-side flower blooms, and the sun sets in glory, and the stars go home with you at night; when friendship and love are yours, and the latest-born of all God's beautiful creatures plays around your fireside!

How few of us, whether children of toil or of leisure, know what it means to *enjoy*! There is reckless dissipation enough, where the deluded devotees of pleasure drain its goblet to the dregs of disgust; there is a dreary task-work of recreation where a prescribed round of amusements is followed with faithful perseverance to get good therefrom; there is a gross gratification of the senses in bodily comforts: but how few, even of those who claim to love beautiful things, and do cast a casual glance at them, can tell what it means to relinquish themselves to the enjoyment of a lovely tint, odor, taste, or sound, and drink in a pure delight from the bottomless wells of being! How few there are, that, with clear senses and pure taste, quietly extract the sweets from every day's surroundings!

There are, indeed, creatures of God's hand not intended for the nourishment of man, and instincts not natural, but acquired and depraved; but neither retribution nor remorse

came ever to him who should drink from the lawful joy of the universe, with thankfulness to the Giver! From the evidence, then, of the nature which is given us, and the world which was created for us, and the immortality which is before us, we see that it is a mistaken view of piety or of duty which places enjoyment among even the trivial concerns of life.

We do not find, to be sure, that it is the end of existence, mortal or immortal, as some have falsely believed. For, when religion has received the allegiance of the soul, it knows no end in life, but following the guidance of the Almighty's hand from day to day; and, if that Hand leads the soul onward through the path of suffering, it finds its highest satisfaction there. The noblest life that was ever lived was a life of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet, because it was thus subordinated to the eternal right and truth, do I believe that it was also in harmony with eternal beauty, and reaped such enjoyment from the world as was never before known of man. I believe that in the breast of Jesus there dwelt not only the higher joys of the spirit, but the keenest delight of the senses, and nerves sensitive to delicious thrills; and to him no thrill was so delicious as to profane the thought of thankfulness to God. No seasonable enjoyment was reckoned a hinderance in his life's mission. The odor of costly ointments about his head was esteemed no waste.

So, although we are not to strive or to pray that all things may conspire to our enjoyment, but that we may know God's truth, and do his will, yet let the enjoyment keep pace with the rest; for complete life, which is the fulfilment of our being, consists in the constant, contemporaneous, and increasing use of work, of knowledge, and of enjoyment. Whatever be the circumstances of the time, a cheerful delight in its pleasures is our privilege and our duty. That grief which deprives us of any healthful nourishment of life is sinful, and there is no affliction which shall forbid the upright to participate in the joys which are ever near. Let us believe, and so live, that we may have integrity without austerity, and piety without gloom.

FORETASTES.

THROUGH the gate of long delay,
Turning for me, day by day,
Oh, how slowly ! lo, I come,
Father ! to my promised home,
Into the city, through the gate
Where I patient sit and wait.

Oh, what wafts of happy air
Reach me from those mansions fair !
Nearing which, I seem to see
Angel forms float down to me,
Out of the city by whose gate
Patient still I sit and wait.

Looking back, my soul discerns
Nothing gone for which it yearns.
All the sweetness of the Past
Yet for me shall be recast ;
All its tears be swallowed up
In the gladness of the cup
Angels shall hold out to me, —
Cup of Immortality.
I shall drink a draught more sweet
Than this brook beneath my feet
Measures to the fevered sip
Of the traveller's parchèd lip.
Angels' bread my food shall be ;
And, for fruit, the healing-tree
Shall let down its leaves to me !

All I missed below shall there
Clasp and crown me : I shall share,
With the noble and the good,
Wealth of sweetest brotherhood ;
Lean the Master's breast upon
With the well-belovèd John ;
Sit with Mary at his feet ;
Rise with Martha to compete
(Competition, oh, how sweet !),

And in acts of zeal outvie
Even *her* loving ministry ;
Run with Peter to fulfil
Some swift errand of His will ;
Strike — albeit untouched by ire —
Old Isaiah's harp of fire ;
Walk with martyrs, — such as trod
Seas of flame to reign with God ;
Talk with prophets and with seers ;
Wander through the mazy spheres
With the wise of every clime,
Ripened from the womb of Time.

Oh, the glory and the bliss !
Marvel was, and marvel is,
How our souls can bear to be
From such goodly company
Shut up to this narrow state,
Still content to wait and wait,
Sitting by the sullen gate
Slowly turning, day by day,
On its hinges of delay.

Yet the good Lord knoweth best,
Giving his beloved rest
In his own best time and way ;
And, withal, the long delay
Sweetening with his present love,
Sweet as that enjoyed above ;
Differing in its degree,
Yet akin in quality.

Oh, my waiting soul, be glad !
Soon the victory shall be had ;
Angel hands, the other side,
Soon shall ope the portal wide ;
Angel forms, unseen of thee,
Soon shall bear thee company
Into the city, through the gate :
Yet a little longer wait !

C. A. M.

RANDOM READINGS.

CYPRESS LEAVES.

UNDER this title, I once described for the "Miscellany" the scene at a burial-service near New York, where the accomplished lady who summoned me to attend the funeral of her only sister, her only friend, indeed, upon earth, had herself passed away silently into the spirit-land with the dearest thing she had under heaven. As her cheeks were yet warm and rosy, the company of mourners retired, after a brief prayer, to assemble again the next afternoon, and bear the re-united orphans to their mutual rest. They were the sole survivors of a French nun and an English army officer.

Every pastor has had similar experiences. Three there are which impressed themselves peculiarly upon me. One did so simply by its solitariness. A young English mechanic, of some intelligence and religious culture, had buried his child on the voyage to America; and, immediately upon his arrival, his wife followed the babe, leaving him utterly alone in a lonely land. He and I were the only mourners. There was no peculiar peril about the disease to keep people away, and no lack of neighbors in the compact streets of Brooklyn; but so it was: his bitterness was made utterly bitter by a show of heartlessness which I could not understand then, and cannot now. I am no advocate for crowds of idle gazers at a funeral-service: I am sure it does not help the flow of a minister's sympathy: I know that a prayer of feeling may not be profitable to mere lookers-on; and, where despairing views of the hereafter taint the exercises, I feel it a duty not to cloud over my faith by needless attendance. But this English stranger peculiarly required sympathy: his load was greater than he could bear alone: his house was indeed desolate. Literally could he say, "No man careth for my soul!"

Last autumn, at City Point, I was called from the Sanitary service to what might be called a romantic duty. A faithful, devoted nurse asked me if I was willing to attend the funeral of a black infant. I assured her that I had come there to meet every such occasion, as far as my failing strength allowed. She prom-

ised to call for me as soon as the evening shades released us each from our duties to the living. And so, before nine o'clock, this kind-hearted woman escorted me down a deep glen towards the Appomattox, where hundreds of half-clad negroes sat on the bare earth, beneath the roar of the heavy artillery; and the solitary torch she uplifted, gave me sufficient light to read a few Scriptures; and then a prayer was uttered, which flowed from my heart's depths, and was received by them in the profoundest silence,—and then, having come together as shadows, we melted soon into the shadows again. I felt that the little one was kindly delivered from many bitter trials through which his race are working their way slowly to the table-land of Christian freemen. But then it was these young parents' all, and more dear to them now that families were to be torn asunder no more; now that their son might be taught; now that his existence might be made a blessing to his relatives, and an impulse to a developing race.

The last service of the kind that I have known, was a few weeks ago, over the noble remains of one of John Brown's original band. His name was David Cunningham. A handsomer man of color, a better proportioned frame, or more regular features, I have seldom seen. Every thing about his house was neat as possible. Every word of his neighbors' testimony was exceedingly gratifying. They said, without being asked, that David was even better than his word; was prompt even to anticipate their wishes where a kind deed could be done; that his only fault was, he would give himself no rest; that the immediate cause of his brain fever was the overwork prompted by an unusual number of returned soldiers requiring to be fed at the Encampment in Rochester. I felt honored in being called upon to render him the tribute of a white man's regard. I could not help speaking of the reverence I bore such fidelity to a humble trust. I did not fear to anticipate the joy with which he who had been greatly faithful over one talent would be welcomed to his reward. I cared not to inquire what church he had attended, for I saw him passing into the Church not made with hands. I was not anxious to know how much creed-religion had been distilled into his brain, so long as the gospel of practical righteousness had written itself out in his daily life. When they asked me to ride with his friends to the distant grave, that there too a few words of peace and promise might be said, I felt that this too was not a cross, but a

privilege; and seldom have I returned from any professional duty feeling so grateful for the opportunity to do a good which most ministers declined, and which none could have entered upon with heartier relish.

F. W. H.

NO MORE HOLIDAYS NEEDED.

It is a great misfortune to the Greeks, and to the Athenians in particular, that they have so many saints in their calendar, and so many festivals in their honor, to interrupt the usual business of life. They lose about a quarter or a third of the time in putting on their best clothes, gadding about the streets, gossiping in the coffee-houses, getting tipsy on execrable wine, and singing noisy songs in the streets, in honor of the blessed saints and martyrs who swarm in their ecclesiastical history. The sensible men here are gradually diminishing the number of their idle days; and the sober part of the tradesmen and men of business find their advantage in attending to their affairs, while the rest are dissipating time and drachms, to the impoverishment of their purses and the damage of their health, in the bacchanalian orgies of Orthodoxy, — Orthodoxy here denoting the Greek Church, the Oriental Orthodox Church, — the national Church of Greece, of the Greeks in Turkey, and of the Holy Russian Empire. In the short time that I have been in Athens, I have found the university closed three or four times; and, on inquiring the cause, have been told it was the feast of St. Demetrius, St. Spiridon, or some other apocryphal vagabond who had the luck to get his name inserted in the calendar. I suppose our students would like it, if I could introduce some of these Orthodox observances at Cambridge on my return.

To speak seriously, I cannot share in the regrets of those persons who lament the absence of festivals and amusements in our country. What I have seen of their effects in Europe, east and west, has given me a strong distaste for them, and the worst possible opinion of their influence upon the moral, mental, and physical well-being of the people. In the first place, the loss of so much time to productive industry, in the midst of poverty, is a serious consideration against them. In the next place, the waste

of money, in small sums to be sure, but swelling, in the aggregate, to immense amounts, helps to keep the people poor, and to make them poorer. And, finally, the frivolity, dissipation, and low habits everywhere encouraged by these festivals, crown the climax of grave objections to their observance, which, I think, must strike every reflecting person who travels, with his eyes open, through these countries. You will never again hear me lamenting the want of amusements in America, or finding fault with the serious countenances of our American people. The weekly rest of Sunday, Christmas, Thanksgiving; the anniversary of our Independence; and one or two other holidays for the interchange of friendly salutations and the re-union of scattered families,—are infinitely better than all the festivals in the calendars of the Catholic and Oriental Churches.—*Familiar letters from Europe, by Felton.*

HEAVEN BETTER THAN THE ALMSHOUSE.

CHANGE is change. No new life occupies the old bodies,—they decay. *It* is born, and grows, and flourishes. Men very pathetically inform the old, accept and wear it. Why put up with the almshouse when you may go to heaven? It is embalming,—no more. Let alone your ointments and your linen swathes, and go into an infant's body. You see in the catacombs of Egypt the result of that experiment,—that is the end of it.—*Thoreau's Letters.*

HEALTHY WORK.

To speak or do any thing that shall concern mankind, one must speak and act as if well, or from that grain of health which he has left. This "Present" book indeed is blue, but the hue of its thoughts is yellow. I say these things with the less hesitation, because I have the jaundice myself; but I also know what it is to be well. But do not think that one can escape from mankind, who is one of them, and is so constantly dealing with them.—*Thoreau's Letters.*

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REPEATED accidents, while climbing the steep heights of the Alps, have raised much discussion in English papers. The Alpine Club, of course, fosters the taste for summer excursions of this sort; but the loss of many valuable lives has for a time checked the mountaineering. Still, it is said, the climbing mania will run its course, and come to an end only when it is thoroughly vulgarized.

THE rage for betting at horse-racing, so common among English *men*, has recently extended to English *women*. The London "Book Seller" has an article on the manufacture of "ladies' betting-books," which, it says, "is in a very brisk condition." It expresses the hope, that "some philosopher would investigate the rise and progress of *horseyness* among young ladies in the nineteenth century."

THE "London Review," in an excellent article on "Sea-bathing," says, that immortal honors might be won among the sharks no less than among ice-blocks and avalanches. It gives the following advice to all who have the bringing-up of children: "Parents who love their offspring should teach them, whether boys or girls, in early childhood, to stem the river, and buffet the briny wave. Let eggs and bright coins glitter for them at the bottom of the lake, and reward their diving feats. While they think only of the baubles and the sport, they will be gaining incalculable treasures of health and courage, of suppleness and strength of limbs. When the storm bursts at sea, they will be calm while others tremble. Let none who cannot swim, suppose that their education is completed. The ladies of Paris are wise in their generation; and, though far less given to voyages and travels than we are, they turn to good account the *écoles de natation* on the Seine."

THE young heir to the throne of Russia has just attained his majority, in his case reached at the age of sixteen. It is the custom in Russia, that the heir should then take the oath of fidelity to the country. This is an event celebrated with great pomp. Letters from St. Petersburg to French journals, describe the fêtes of that city. Illuminations and triumphal arches attested the enthusiasm of a loyal people.

A HAVRE journal records the death of Joseph Mencion, Chev-

alier of the Legion of Honor, and the bearer of numerous medals of distinction. What gave him these marks of honor? He was an intrepid mariner of that port, who had frequently, at the risk of his life, saved the drowning from death. The number of signal services of this kind amounts to no less than thirty, evincing a courage and self-sacrifice surpassing that of many a renowned hero.

THE Papal Government is in debt to the amount of one hundred and twenty millions of dollars, of which sum two-thirds, it is said, were contracted by the present Pope. He has been enjoying, this summer, a residence at a property lately given to him by the chief of the family Caetani, which, it is said, will yield him an annual revenue of twelve thousand dollars.

THE city library of Dresden has a large number of interesting manuscripts relating to the life of Dante. On the 14th of September, there is to be a meeting in Dresden of the admirers of the great poet, to examine those documents, and do honor to his memory.

A CONGRESS of German authors has been called to meet at Leipzig, on the 19th and 20th of August, to consider the subject of literary property, and promote the interests of German authorship.

FROM the accounts given in Italian papers, we infer that the effects of the cholera in Ancona and Malta have been greatly overstated in English journals. The mortality in both of the cities above named has not been, up to the close of July, at a rate to excite alarm. At Constantinople, the proportion of deaths had been larger.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Turin "L'Opinione," writing in Rome, in July, gives a brief account of the Pope's proceedings in case of capital punishment. His Holiness has extreme reluctance to placing his name to an order of execution, sharing in this the feeling cherished in other quarters. By a fiction, not uncommon in papal matters, he is supposed to sign if he does not object when the order for capital punishment is read to him. The writer adds, that Pius IX., when these papers have been read, has been almost always silent, — *quasi sempre zitto*.

BRIGANDAGE still flourishes in Italy; but it is no longer the brigandage of large and formidable bands, but of petty robbers, in small numbers, who are not unfrequently dispersed by any

show of courage. A gentleman, lately travelling in the diligence, boldly assailed a band of brigands, killing two of them, and frightening away the rest. He was left master of the field, the diligence precipitately retiring in one direction, and the robbers in another, and was fearful that the brigands would return. He succeeded in reaching Rome in safety, giving an example of that manliness and resolution which alone are necessary to extirpate the whole race of lawless robbers.

THE BEST PERSUASIVE.

If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.

Pursue, keep up with, circle round and round your life, as a dog does his master's chaise. Do what you love. Know your own bone: gnaw at it, bury it; unearth it, and gnaw it still. Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story. Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the Celestial City, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God,—none of the servants. In what concerns you much, do not think you have companions: know that you are alone in the world. — *Thoreau's Letters*.

GOD REVEALED IN US.

PLATO, with serious, yea, sad countenance, the butt of jeer and scoff from the wits and comedians of his day, went about teaching those who hung upon his lips, that in every human soul were ideas which God had implanted, and which were final truth. And Jesus Christ, with a countenance more beautifully serious, more sweetly sad, said to those Jews which believed on him, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; *and ye shall know the truth*, and the truth shall make you free." It may seem to men who grope about in the dismal cavern of the animal nature,

—the sense and understanding, — wise to refuse the light, and reject the truths of the pure reason and the God-man, and to call the motley conglomeration of facts which they gather, but cannot explain, “philosophy;” but no soul which craves “the higher life” will, can be, satisfied with such attainments. It yearns for, it cries after, yea, with ceaseless iteration it urges its supplication for the highest truth; and it shall attain to it, because God, in giving the tongue to cry, gave also the eye to see. The spiritual person in man, made in the very image of God, can never be satisfied, till, stripped of the weight of the animal nature, it sees with its own eye the pure reason, God as the highest truth. And to bring it, by culture, by every possible manifestation of his wondrous nature, up to this high Mount of Vision, is one object of God in his system of the universe. — *J. H. Jones.*

SOURCE OF OUR KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

INSTEAD of the method now condemned, there is one taught us in the Book, and the only one taught us there, which is open to every human being, for which every human being has the faculty, and respecting which all that is needed is, that the person exercise what he already has. The boy could not learn his arithmetic, except he set himself resolutely to his task; and no man can learn of God, except he also fulfils the conditions, except he consecrate himself wholly to the acquisition of this knowledge, except his soul is poured out in love to God: “for every one that *loveth, is born of God, and knoweth God.*” We come then to the knowledge of God by a direct and immediate act of the soul. The reason, the sensibility, and the will, give forth their combined and highest action in the attainment of this knowledge. As an intellectual achievement, this is the highest possible to the reason. She attains then to the Ultima Thule of all effort; and of this she is fully conscious. Nor is there awakened any feverish complaining that there are no more worlds to conquer.

In the contemplation of the ineffable Goodness, she finds her everlasting occupation, and her eternal rest.

Plainly, then, both reason and revelation teach but a single, and that the *a priori* method, by which to establish for man the fact of the being of God. — *J. H. Jones.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. By JOHN STUART MILL. In two volumes. Boston: William V. Spencer.

This publisher renders an important service to the reading public in presenting a name which has become endeared to the friends of human progress, especially on this side the water. John Stuart Mill is a writer both popular and profound, imbued with the purest spirit of philosophy and philanthropy. We rejoice in this his last work; for, though not adopting his theory of perception, or his explanation of necessity, we consider his refutation of Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel as most complete. We thank him especially for his noble vindication of our moral judgment in relation to the divine attributes. He shows that justice and goodness in God are the same in quality as justice and goodness in man; and he riddles the pretentious fallacies of Mr. Mansel, who tries to show that the nature of God is unrevealed and unrevealable, and, following Sir W. Hamilton in a high strain of metaphysical nonsense, tries to darken counsel by words without knowledge. Mr. Mill uses English which is always clear as a mountain brook; and his broad common sense flashes sunlight over his page even in the most abstruse discussion. The reader should not be deterred by the abstract nature of his problems: it is good to follow a clear and vigorous thinker, and get away from the easy and shallow reading that floods us so much, for the tonic it gives to our intellectual and moral powers. s.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by FRANK MOORE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1865.

Mr. Bright's face does not justify his name; but the speeches do. They gladdened our hearts during the dark days when our hearts were ready to be disheartened; and it is good to have them in this beautiful and abiding form,—the utterances of a truly

earnest and eloquent man. Pity that there were not more such in England, — more who could put principle before the pounds to be earned by the encouragement of piracy ! E.

Letters to Various Persons. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The reader will find several extracts from this interesting volume amongst our Random Readings. One thing we cannot forgive in Thoreau, — his real or affected indifference to our great struggle. How absurd to be studying a bat's wing or a bit of moss when civil war is waging, and such a civil war ! The recluse is wiser now, we doubt not. E.

Froude's England. New York : Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street.

Our little notice of these fascinating volumes in the number for July contains some unfortunate errors ; but we are not so sorry as we might be, because this mishap gives us an opportunity to record again our high appreciation both of the matter and the manner of this fresh history. It is no dry chronicle, but rich in thought and alive with feeling. The opening pages in the first volume, upon feudal England, and those in the second volume, upon the Protestant Reformation in our mother-land, are singularly interesting. It is a luxury to hold in the hands such comely and shapely books. E.

Alfred Hagart's Household. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Author of a "Life Drama." Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

The story is touching and well told, and all the better because it is not highly stimulating. It will be a pleasant and useful addition to our Sunday-school libraries, and is well entitled to a place amongst "The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." E.

Essays in Criticism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

Arnold belongs to the advanced school of English thought, and yet is no narrow intellectualist. A feeling is a fact to him as well as a logical conclusion, and he has a healthy sense of realities in religion and literature and art. A man of large, rich culture,

spiritual, moral, intellectual, his criticisms are always helpful and suggestive, and eminently high-toned. It is worth our while to know what such a man has to say of "The Function of Criticism at the Present Time," of "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," of "Spinoza" and "Marcus Aurelius;" and, if he disappoints his liberal friends sometimes by refusing to admit that their denials are good food, we like him all the better for his hunger and thirst after realities.

E.

Prospectus and Specimen Pages of the Library of Old English Divines, under the Editorial Supervision of WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Union Theological Seminary, N.Y.


Every scholar knows what a delight it is to be able to take from his shelves a volume of Taylor or Leighton or South, and how much nourishment can often be derived from a single page of one or another of England's classic sermonizers. Of course, much of the substratum of their preaching has been weakened, if not destroyed, by modern science: but a true religious genius never commits itself to any thing transient; its words are ever large, catholic, prophetic, good for the ages to come as well as for the present day, true in spirit and idea even after they have become false in letter and fact. We hope that the publishers will be encouraged to go forward with their enterprise. Our congregations would do well to place a complete set of the books, which we hope will be rapidly forthcoming, in the parish libraries. The sermons of their ministers would witness for the wisdom of the gift.

E.

The Young Lieutenant, by OLIVER OPTIC, fully sustains the writer's high reputation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles received have been accepted, and will be published in due time.

 Correspondents who send letters to me will please direct them to *Wayland*, not *Weston*.

E. H. SEARS.